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# BLOODMOBILE



eter ran over the mossy forest floor, turning around  
to avoid a mammoth boulder. His timing was perfect.  
The Frisbee floated right into his waiting hands.

"Can you believe we actually talked Mum and Dad  
into going camping in this beautiful place?" he  
yelled, hurling back the yellow disc.

Peter's twin brother, Joe, made a mighty leap and snagged the  
Frisbee just in front of their tent.

"Yeah. We're lucky there's two of us," he said with a wink. "It  
makes it easier to wear them down." He tossed the Frisbee back  
to Peter, who turned and caught the plastic disc.

Peter held on to the Frisbee, looking dreamily up at the trees.

"As soon as Mum and Dad get back from the camp store, we're  
going hiking, right?" he said, happily. "And in the morning we  
could go fishing or mountain biking. Then there's that campfire  
thing tomorrow night?"

Joe rolled his eyes. "All right, man," he said with a grin. "It is  
pretty cool to be camping, but would you mind just throwing the  
Frisbee back?"





Peter shot his twin a mock hurt expression. "OK, but if you're going to be a jerk, you're gonna have to run for it!" he warned. He wound up and flung the Frisbee clear over to the next campsite. Joe sniggered and shook his head, then turned to fetch the Frisbee. His eyes were scanning the thick undergrowth for it when he came to a clearing and noticed an old, rusty caravan parked under a gnarled oak tree. He examined the vehicle for a second before grabbing the Frisbee he had spotted by the back wheel. Then he sprinted back to Peter.



"Sorry about that throw," Peter said sheepishly.

"Never mind about that," Joe answered. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder "Did you notice the beaten-up caravan under that tree? I don't remember seeing it there yesterday."

Peter looked over. "They must have arrived late last night," he suggested. "Why?"

"No reason," Joe replied. "It's just that it smells kind of funny over there, that's all."

"What do you mean, 'it smells funny'?" Peter exclaimed. "Funny like what?" Joe just shrugged, and both boys stared silently over at the campsite. Just then, their parents pulled up the dusty road in the family estate car. The boys ran over to help unload the supplies.

"Well," their mum said, "who'd like to do some hiking?"

"Me!" both boys responded at once.



**T**he walk through the forest had not been disappointing. The boys had seen enormous fir trees, huge oaks, a weasel crossing a fallen tree and, perhaps best of all, a vixen with her young. The two families stopped to stare at each other for a second before the fox family disappeared into its lair.

When they returned to the campsite, it was almost sunset. As they walked past the neighbouring campsite, the twins glanced over at the old caravan, but nothing had changed.

"I wonder where they've been all day," Joe whispered to his brother.

Peter shook his head. "Maybe they're night people," he replied.

As their parents set up the camping stove and started dinner, Peter and Joe crept off to take a closer look at the caravan. They walked all round it, hoping that they'd be able to peep inside. But every window was tightly shut and covered by thick, black curtains. The boys walked off into the nearby forest.

"I see what you mean about the smell," Peter whispered, with a little look of

disgust. "It smells as if something's rotting. And did you notice? There are no rear-view mirrors on that caravan – not on the side, not even in the cab!"

"What kind of people don't have any mirrors on their vehicle and sleep all day?" Joe wondered aloud.

Peter smiled mischievously. "Maybe our neighbours are vampires," he suggested, in a spooky voice.

"Well, whatever they are," Joe said, "let's keep an eye on them!"



**T**hat night, the twins lay still in their tent until they could hear their parents snoring from the tent next door. Then they took turns to peep out of the tent's tiny, mesh-screened window.

After a while they heard a long, creaking noise. Both of them crowded to see out of the window.

The side door of the caravan opened, and two figures stepped out into the moonlight: a man and a woman. Their thin bodies moved in slow motion, and their skin reflected a deathly white glow against their black garments.

"Maybe they really *are* vampires," Peter whispered. "But how can we find out?"

"I know how," Joe said, reaching into his backpack for his pocket mirror.

They held the mirror up to the window and took turns adjusting it so they could see outside. When they looked directly through the window, they could see the weird, bony couple standing motionless in the moonlight. But when they looked in



the mirror, all they could see was some black clothing, which appeared to float in the air. The people who had come out of the caravan cast no reflection!

Panic-stricken, Peter looked at his twin. "Now what do we do?" he whispered.

"No idea," Joe answered. "But we'd better not let them out of our sight! We'll tell Mum and Dad in the morning."

But when they turned back to the window, their mysterious neighbours were nowhere to be seen.

The twins spent most of the night awake, watching the caravan through their tent window. At any moment they expected the front of their tent to be slashed open by sharp claws, followed by two pale forms flying in through the newly-created opening. But all they saw was the lonely forest, shimmering softly in the white moonlight.

The boys were starting to nod off when they heard a familiar creak, followed by the sound of a door shutting. They roused themselves and stared out of the window, but they were too late. Their neighbours had gone inside their caravan.

"Rise and shine," their father said cheerily, sticking his face into their tent. "It's eight o'clock! The morning's half over!"



The boys groaned and rolled over in their sleeping bags. "I don't think I've ever been so tired," Peter said sleepily as soon as their dad had gone away.

Joe flopped on to his front and propped his head up with one hand. "We've got to do something. What if they travel around the country, feeding on campers?"

"I wonder if they've got anyone in this campsite yet," Peter said. "Because if they have, then they might have created new vampires. We won't stand a chance if there are more than two."

Joe frowned, looking out of their window at the solitary caravan. "I don't think they've bitten anyone yet," he said. "Didn't you notice how thin they were?"

"Mm. They've only just got here, so they probably haven't started yet," Peter agreed. "So what do we do?"

"We need to get into their caravan to gather evidence to show Mum and Dad," Joe said firmly. "And we need to do it today, while the sun is still up."

Peter nodded nervously. At the thought of their frightening mission, neither of the boys felt sleepy any longer. They wriggled out of their sleeping bags and got dressed.



ver breakfast, their mother asked them what they would like to do that day. "How about fishing or another hike?" she asked.

"I was thinking a picnic would be fun!" their dad suggested.

The twins looked at one another and swallowed. They couldn't exactly tell their mum and dad that they needed a little time to take care of a couple of vampires! Mum and Dad would never believe their story, anyway. And they realised that their parents would get suspicious if they seemed disinterested in their plans – especially after all the begging that had led up to this trip.

"Well, I'm up for anything!" Peter said, trying hard to sound cheery.

"Me, too!" Joe said. "Anything!"

The family finally decided to explore a nearby trail on their mountain bikes. They planned to make a day of it and packed picnic lunches. Neither of the boys could think of a way out.

So off they went, all four of them, riding through shady mountain meadows and tranquil, tree-fringed streams.

They followed the

steep mountain path, and at lunchtime they stopped at a spot where they could see for miles on either side. The forest seemed to spread out away from them in a rolling green carpet of trees. It was exactly the kind of adventure that the two brothers had been dreaming about for years.

Not that either of them was able to enjoy himself. The mental image of that rusty caravan was never out of their thoughts.



As the afternoon wore on, both boys began to get edgy. The sun always went down early in the mountains, and they knew that time was rapidly running out. The vampires would soon be stalking for prey.

At last their parents aimed the bikes back towards the campsite. Most of the early part of the day they had travelled uphill. But now, as they raced back down, the twins were setting a roller-coaster speed. Their mother shouted at them a number of times to slow down.

Finally they reached the campsite. The sun still hung in the sky, but it was already touching the tops of the pines.

"Let's tell them we want to take a nap!" Peter whispered, just before their parents pulled up. "Maybe that'll give us a chance to sneak away!"

"We're worn out. Can we take a little snooze before we have dinner?" Joe asked their mum and dad as they parked their bikes.

Their father laughed. "I'm not surprised you need to rest after the

speed you were going!" he said. "I think a nap would be a good idea for all of us."

"And that way we'll be wide awake for the campfire tonight," their mother added.

The twins sighed in relief as everybody settled into their tents. They waited a few minutes, then crept quietly out of their tent.

"The sun's almost down," Peter whispered. "We don't have much time."

They headed directly to the caravan, walking carefully so that the sound of crunching pine needles wouldn't give them away. Their hearts pounded as they stood before the side door of the camper. They both could imagine the weird, pale-skinned couple standing right behind that door, waiting to attack...

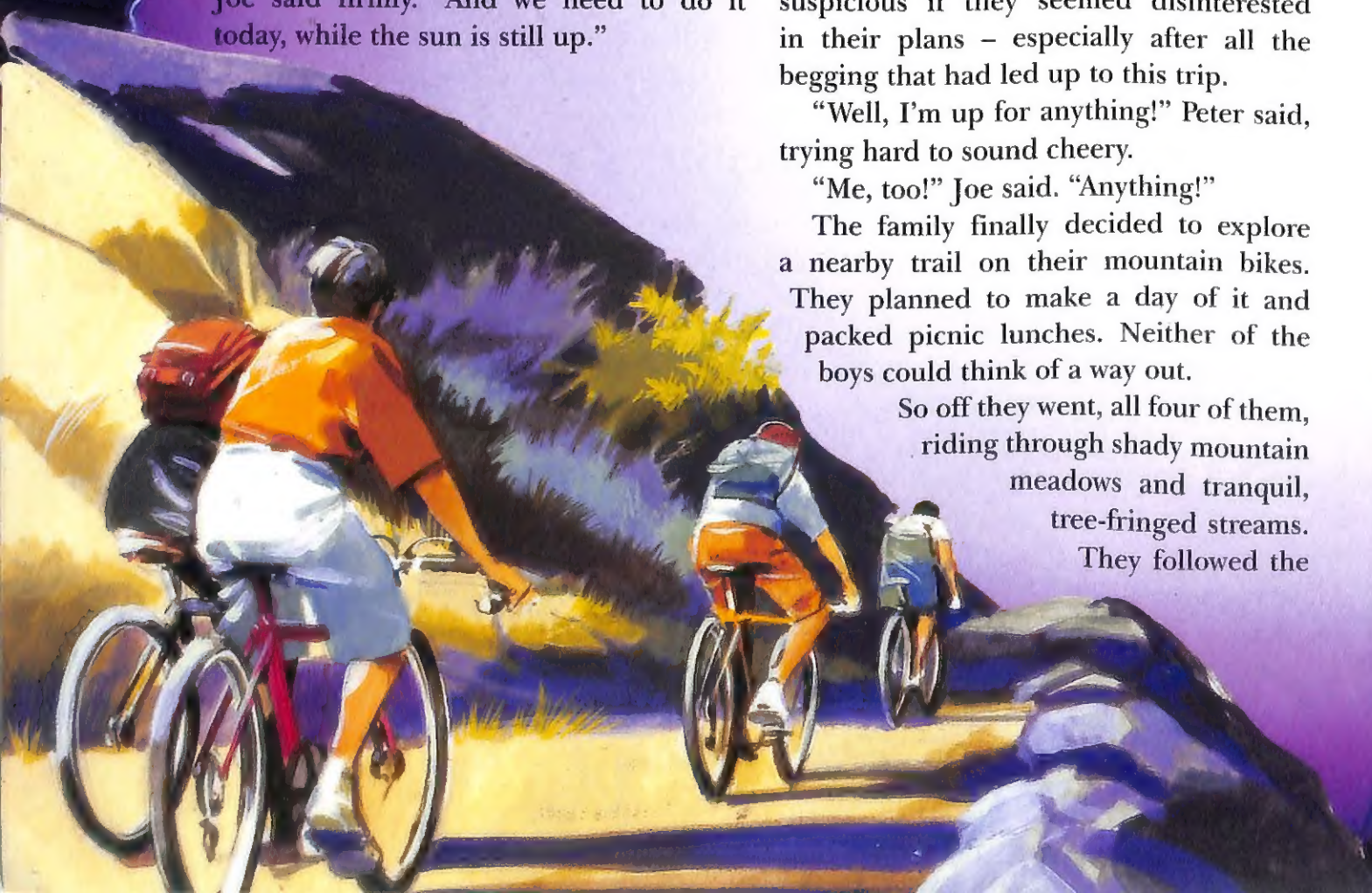
"C'mon. Let's get this over with!" Peter whispered.

Joe nodded and grasped the door handle. Unlocked, it turned in his hand and the door began to creak as it opened. The twins winced at the shrill noise, then both stepped bravely into the gloom.

"I can't see a thing!" Joe complained in a low voice.

Peter tried a light switch by the door, but nothing happened. "The electricity must be disconnected," he whispered. "Let's open the curtains."

They proceeded to opposite windows, feeling their way blindly through the room. Joe bumped something flat and hard in the centre of the room. He reached out and felt a long wooden box. 'It has to be a coffin', he thought





in terror. 'An occupied coffin!' He quickly moved away to where he thought the windows would be. Both boys reached the curtains at the same time, and tried to tug them open, but they wouldn't budge. The fabric had been nailed into place.

Suddenly, there was a stirring noise from the centre of the dark vehicle.

"Hurry!" Peter yelled, no longer bothering to speak quietly. "Force the curtains open!"

The boys pulled frantically on the curtains, but they still wouldn't move.

The stirring grew louder. A squeaking noise announced the opening of a lid.

The twins desperately tore at the curtains. There was a ripping sound, as first Peter's and then Joe's curtain came tearing away. The boys stared at the centre of the room, where two red-eyed creatures were rising from a pair of black coffins. But something was different about them tonight. They were not quite so thin. They had filled out and blood was smeared on each of their faces like fresh strawberry jam.

The creatures sprang from their caskets like jack-in-the-boxes, one reaching for Peter and the other for Joe. But just before the vampires could touch them, the light shifted and the last dying rays of the afternoon sunlight streamed through the window and fell upon them. Instantly, there was a sickening, burning

smell in the caravan, and the creatures' red eyes rolled back into their heads. Horrid shrieks tore from their fanged mouths as their pale skin blackened and fell off in smoking scraps. In another instant their bones collapsed and turned into seething ashes on the floor. Shuddering in fear and revulsion, the twins bolted out of the door and into the forest. Darkness now shrouded the campsite.

Suddenly, a hand fell on each of the twins' shoulders. Both boys screamed and backed away, but it was only their father. Their mum stood next to him, her hands on her hips.

"You two have some explaining to do!" their dad said angrily.

Their mum stepped closer. "What were you doing in that caravan?" she snapped. "And what on Earth is that burning smell?"

"We'll tell you everything!" Joe cried. "But first, let's get back to our tents and pack up everything before it's too late!"

Their parents looked at Joe as if he'd gone completely crazy.

"What are you talking about?" their mum demanded. The boys blurted out the whole story, emphasising the part about the blood smeared all over the vampires' faces.


"The important thing right now is for us to get out of here!" Peter said.

"Yeah!" Joe added. "Because those things were full of blood before the sunlight killed them. They might easily have turned someone else around here into a vampire!"

Their father rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't know how much of this I believe," he finally said, "but I do agree with one thing.

I think we should pack up and go home immediately. I really don't fancy spending another night in this place."

Behind him, their mum nodded her head in agreement.



**T**he family took down the tents and packed things up as quickly as they could, since it was almost completely dark. By the time the twins were sitting in the back seat of the estate car and their parents had taken their places in the front, a full moon had risen over the pines along the ridge, shining cold white light on the trail along which the family had ridden earlier that day on their mountain bikes.

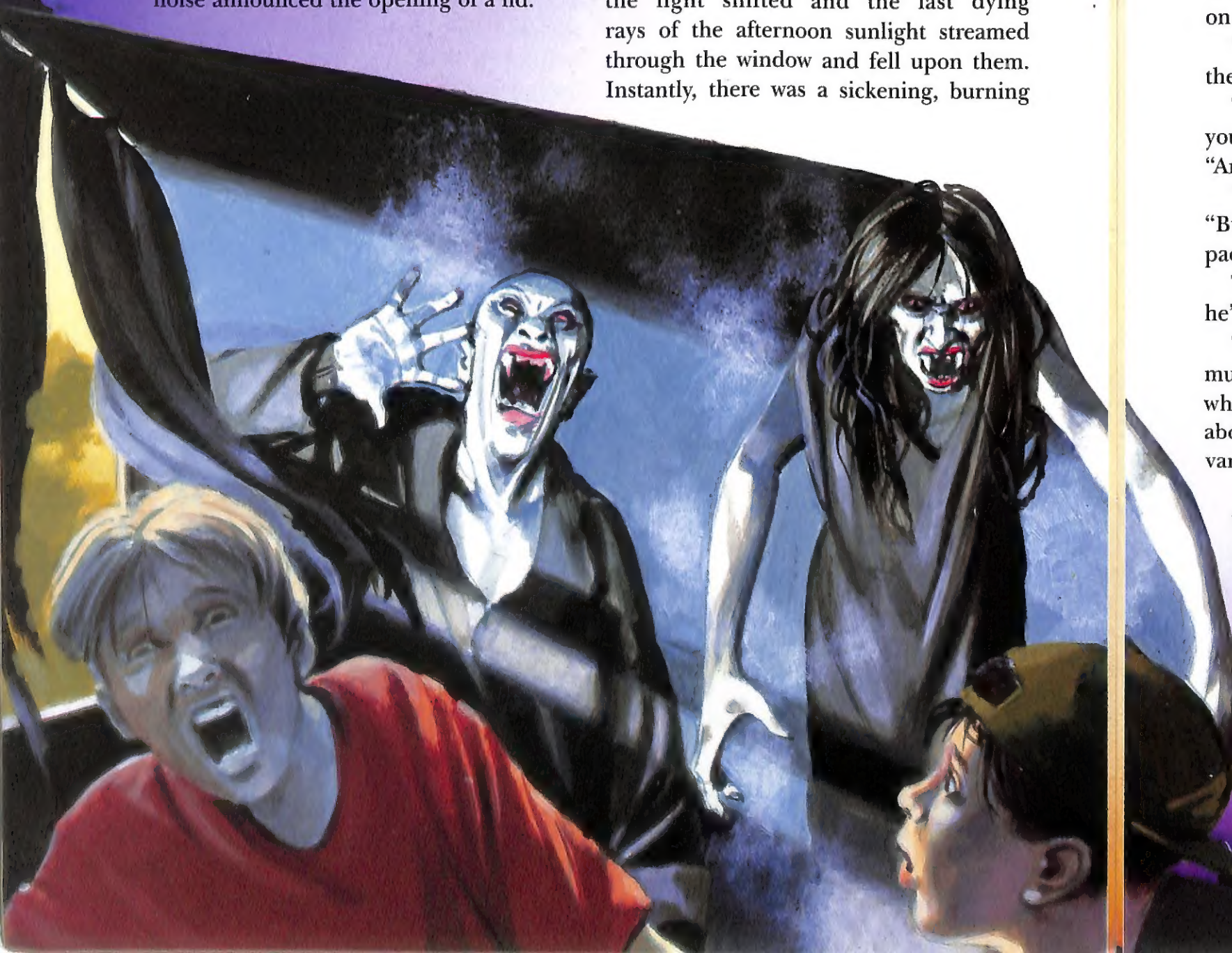
For the first time in nearly twenty four hours, Peter was beginning to feel normal again. He leaned forwards and said to his parents, "Thanks for believing us, you two."

"Yeah," said Joe, slapping a hand on his father's shoulder. "No one else would have believed..." Smiling, he glanced at his dad in the rear-view mirror and felt the blood rush out of his legs.

His father's reflection was fading away before his eyes!

Joe leaned forward and grabbed the mirror, angling it in his mother's direction. Her reflection, too, was fading away. By the time Joe had got Peter to look at the mirror, there were no reflections of their parents to be seen.

THE END





## OUR HAUNTED WORLD



Finland is a land of forests, lakes and desolate tundra. During the long, dark winter nights, tales are told about ghosts and other chilling, paranormal things.

### A VERY CLOSE ENCOUNTER

In 1970, skiers Viljo and Heinonen heard a buzz, then saw a 3-metre wide, domed disc swoop down and hover just a ski-pole's length away! From beneath it came a light beam and a metre-high creature with thin arms and legs, hooked nose and tiny ears. It wore a green jumpsuit and a shiny, conical helmet. Heinonen was zapped by a pulsating yellow light beam, then a red mist and 10cm-long, curving sparks in purple, green and red appeared. The disc then vanished, leaving Heinonen with a paralysed leg. Both men suffered mental and physical problems for months after this close encounter.



## THE GUEST WHO WASN'T THERE

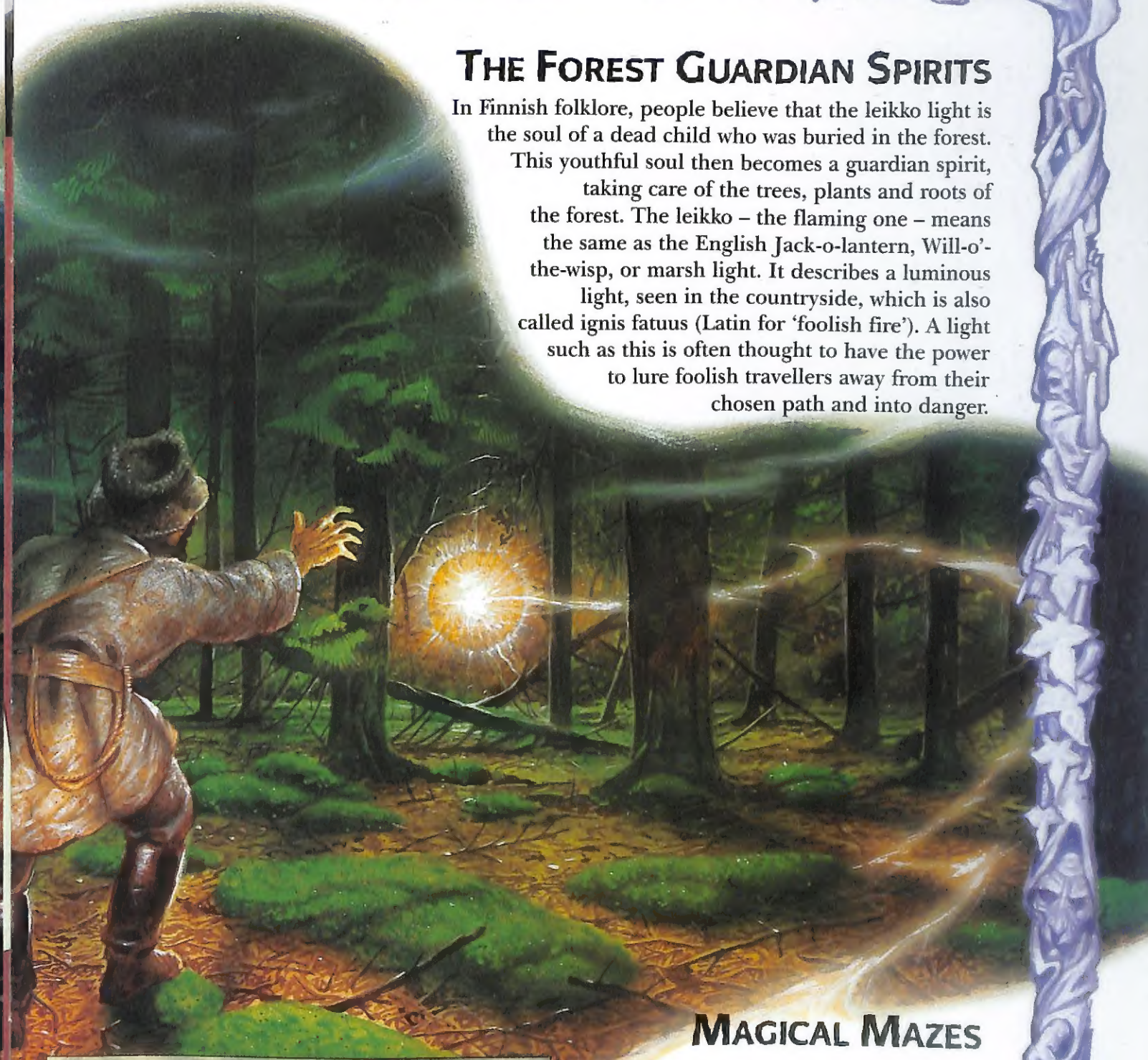
In 1977, a woman held a party in her Helsinki apartment for about 60 people. She noticed one woman she didn't recognise, who seemed to be with one of the professors. Her clothes were noticeably old fashioned and although the weather was freezing, she didn't have a coat with her. The mystery woman later came into the kitchen and offered to help the hostess – although her offer was turned down. When the hostess asked her guests about the woman, it turned out that no one else had seen her!

Three years later, the hostess recognised a self-portrait of Meri Genetz, a painter, in a magazine feature. The painter, who had died in 1943, had once lived in the same apartment where the party had been held! Only then did the hostess really understand that the mystery guest had been the ghost of Meri Genetz. This is one of only a very few stories where a ghost has been reported talking to a living person.



## THE FOREST GUARDIAN SPIRITS

In Finnish folklore, people believe that the leikko light is the soul of a dead child who was buried in the forest. This youthful soul then becomes a guardian spirit, taking care of the trees, plants and roots of the forest. The leikko – the flaming one – means the same as the English Jack-o-lantern, Will-o'-the-wisp, or marsh light. It describes a luminous light, seen in the countryside, which is also called ignis fatuus (Latin for 'foolish fire'). A light such as this is often thought to have the power to lure foolish travellers away from their chosen path and into danger.



## MAGICAL MAZES

Since ancient times, people all over the world have built mazes and labyrinths like the one shown on the left. They are closely associated with death, rebirth and fertility. In Finland and other parts of Scandinavia, fishermen built stone mazes near the sea. Magic rituals would take place there, in the hope that the fishermen taking part would be protected from the evil spirits and other dangers that threatened their lives at sea.





# SNUG AS A BUG!

A friend of a friend lived in Helsinki...

**1** Kristin was a student who needed a new, thick, duck down duvet – but the quilts cost a lot more than she could afford.



**2** She was moaning about this to a friend in the university bar when a guy interrupted, saying, "I know a bloke who deals in duvets. Here's his number."



**3** She phoned the dealer, who said he could sell her an imported duck down quilt for half the shop price.



**4** That evening, the quilt arrived. She looked it over, decided immediately to buy it and paid the delivery man as agreed.



**5** Snuggling under it that night, Kristin was convinced that she had got a real bargain.



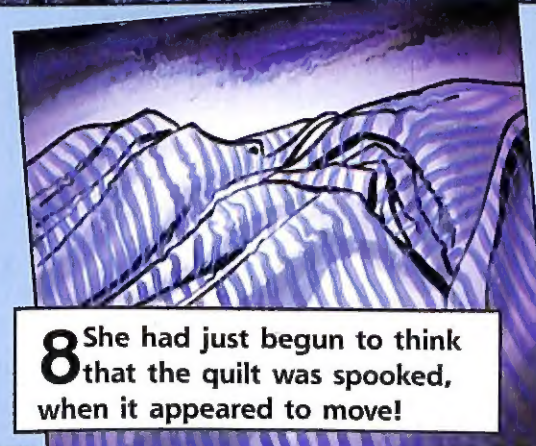
**6** But, the next morning she woke up shivering to find the quilt on the floor!



**7** The same thing happened the next morning... and the morning after!



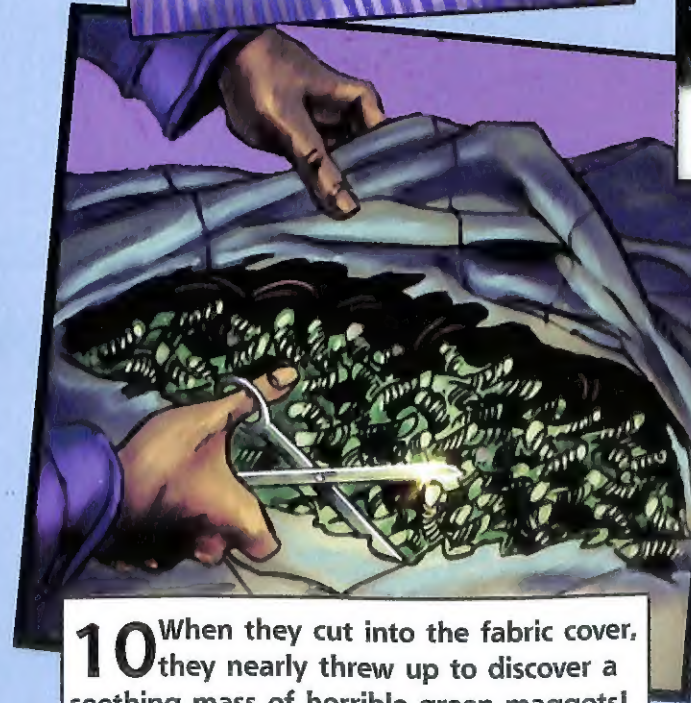
**8** She had just begun to think that the quilt was spooked, when it appeared to move!



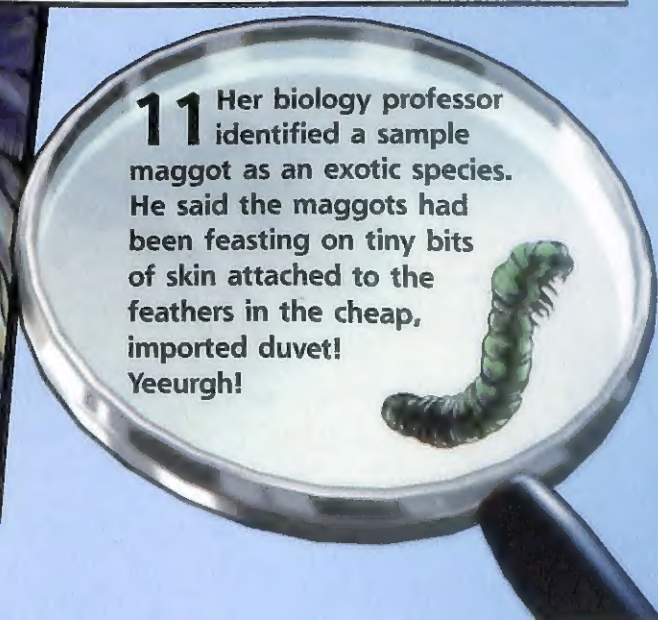
**9** She screamed for her flat-mate, saying that something was inside her quilt.



**10** When they cut into the fabric cover, they nearly threw up to discover a seething mass of horrible green maggots!



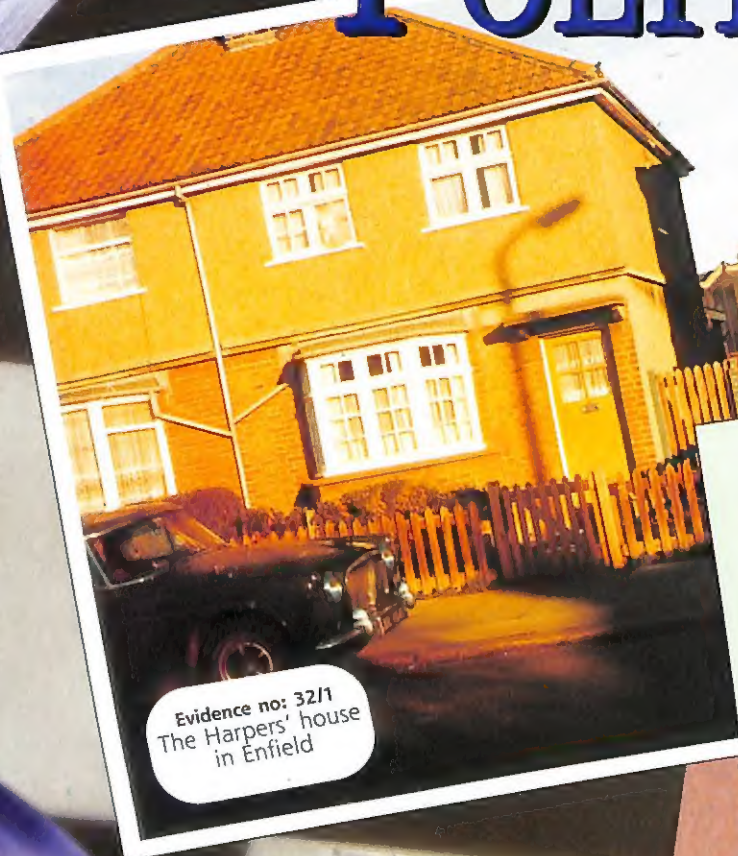
**11** Her biology professor identified a sample maggot as an exotic species. He said the maggots had been feasting on tiny bits of skin attached to the feathers in the cheap, imported duvet! Yeeurgh!







# THE ENFIELD POLTERGEIST



Evidence no: 32/1  
The Harpers' house  
in Enfield

**Special Investigation File: 32**

**Subject: long-term poltergeist activity**  
**Place: Enfield, North London**

SpineChiller creates a file

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION

In the late 1970s, Peggy Harper was living quietly in Enfield, North London with her four children: Jimmy 7, Pete 10, Janet 11 and Rose 13. Then, on 30 August 1977, a poltergeist began to torment them.

Pete and Janet, who shared a bedroom, were the first to experience its activities when their beds were apparently lifted from the ground. Their mother then saw a chest of drawers move across the room. She called her neighbours,

then the police, who also witnessed strange events. This was just the beginning. From that night until October 1978, there were 1500 incidents of poltergeist activity in this single small house.

Dear Malcolm  
Enfield, 16 September 1977  
Enfield is really on the map now that a poltergeist has moved in with the Harper family. 'Daily Mail' reporter George Fallows and photographer Graham Morris have been toing and froing ever since — you've probably read their articles. They have even suffered from the spirit's antics themselves. Morris was hit and badly bruised by a toy brick that it apparently flung through the air. Now the journalists have invited members of the Society for Psychical Research to investigate the strange phenomenon more thoroughly. It's all very intriguing.

Yours in suspense  
Nigel

Evidence no: 32/2  
Old pound notes that  
the poltergeist is said  
to have burned



## RESEARCH REPORT

Several investigators from the Society for Psychical Research (SPR) looked into the Enfield case. They experienced a variety of odd events, as follows:

- 1 Maurice Grosse, the first SPR researcher, arrived on 5 September 1977. He witnessed many strange incidents, including doors opening and closing on their own and a chair flying across the room.
- 2 On 11 September, Grosse was joined by more senior researcher Guy Lyon Playfair. Over the next two years, they saw much poltergeist activity and even asked the spirit questions. It replied by rapping twice for yes and once for no.
- 3 Two other SPR researchers, Anita Gregory and John Beloff, visited the house some time later. They concluded that the bumps and squeals that they heard coming from Janet and Pete's room were caused not by a poltergeist but by the two children jumping about.



Evidence no: 32/3  
Maurice Grosse with  
some of the objects  
moved by the  
poltergeist

## December 1982 FACT OR FICTION? Five years on, experts are trying to find out what was really going on in the Enfield poltergeist case.

In fact, scientist David Robertson started his investigations in 1977. At that time, Janet Harper kept speaking in a man's voice and claimed she could levitate. Robertson could not check her story as she would not let him into her room. But, on 15 December, passers-by said they saw her floating past a window.

This year Robertson's boss, Professor JB Hasted, invited Janet to his lab for levitation tests. Amazingly, she did lose weight fast — about 1kg in 30 seconds — but did not become light enough to rise upwards.



Evidence no: 32/4  
Janet Harper 'flying'

## CONCLUSION

The Enfield poltergeist worked mainly through Janet Harper. Guy Lyon Playfair thought that many of the experiences she reported were genuine. But Anita Gregory suggested that most were childish pranks, encouraged by unhealthy media interest.

Unexplained





## Chapter 1

# The Signal-man

Retold from a story by Charles Dickens

“Hello! Below there!” From above the steep railway cutting, I called to the signal-man. He was at the door of his signal-box, holding a flag furred round its short pole. At first, I could hardly see him. An angry, red sunset forced me to shade my eyes with my hand. I seemed so high above the shadowy figure and he so far below me in the dark trench.

Strangely, instead of looking up, as I stood almost directly over him, the signal-man turned and peered down the railway line. Why should he think my cry had come from that direction?

“Hello! Below there!” I repeated, my hand still across my eyes. At last, the signal-man saw me.

“Is there a path I can take that leads down so that I may talk to you?” I asked.

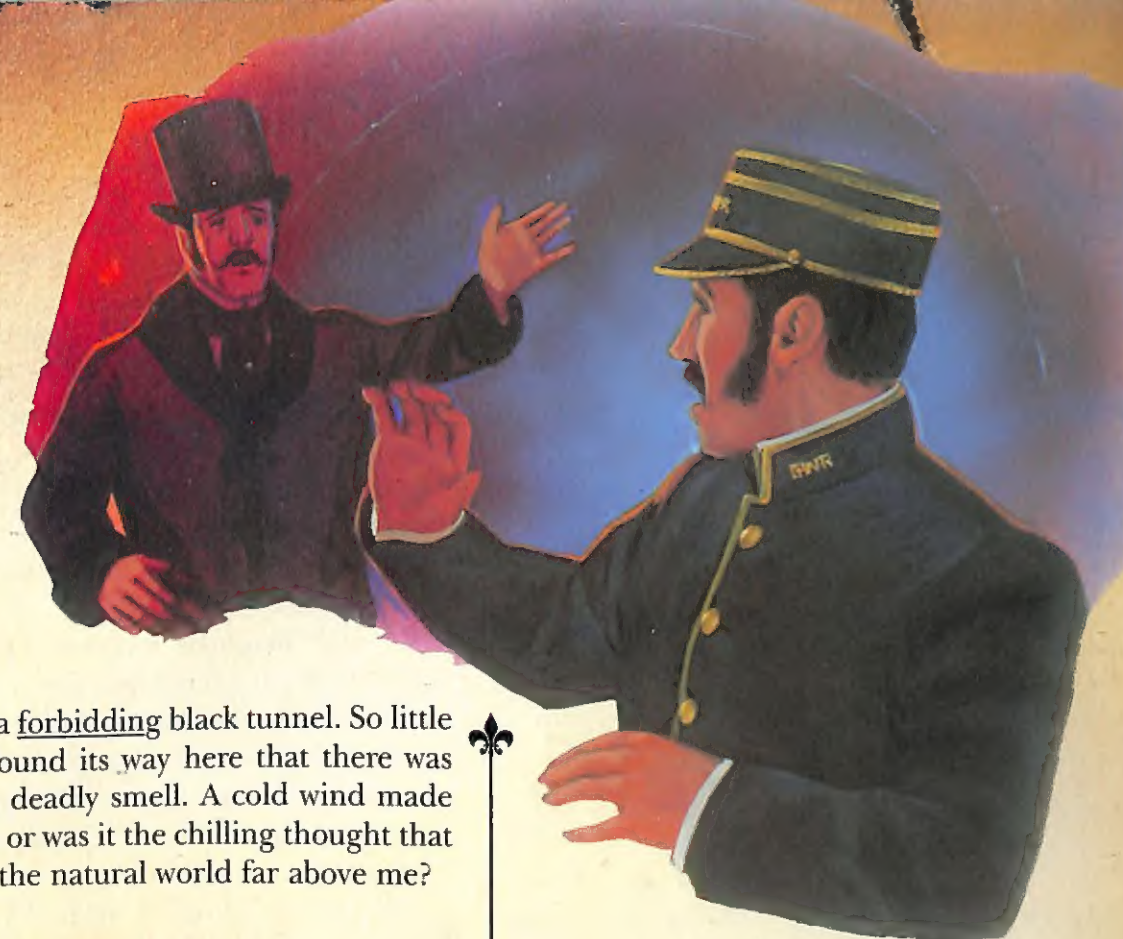
The signal-man watched me but did not reply. Just then there came a vague vibration. It quickly changed into a violent and pulsating rush of steam and air. I stepped back fearfully, suddenly aware that it might drag me down. Next moment, the train sped past. As it clattered away into the distance, the signal-man refurled the flag he had waved.

I asked him again about the path. He stared oddly at me before finally, almost reluctantly, pointing to a spot above the cutting, some distance beyond.

“All right!” I called, starting towards it.

I came across a rough path that zig-zagged down into the unusually steep cutting. I took care and time, for the stone walls of the deep embankment became ever more cold and damp. All the while, the signal-man stood between the rails of the track that the train had just crossed. As I neared him, I stopped a moment and wondered why his sallow, bearded face gazed at me so intently. He appeared thoughtful and expectant.

Down and down I continued, until I reached the level of the track. What a lonely, dreary dungeon of a place it seemed. On either side, towering, wet walls of jagged stone blocked out all but a strip of sky. In one direction, the cutting curved away into the distance. The other way, it ended in a gloomy red light near the



mouth of a forbidding black tunnel. So little sunlight found its way here that there was an earthy, deadly smell. A cold wind made me shiver, or was it the chilling thought that I had left the natural world far above me?

I was close enough to touch the signal-man before he stirred, taking a step back and raising his hand.

“What a very lonely place,” I began, awkwardly. “That’s why I thought you might enjoy a visitor.”

With a curiously puzzled expression, the signal-man glanced at the red light by the tunnel, as if something were missing from it. Then he looked again at me with his fixed eyes and grim face. There was something alarming, almost unreal, about him. But then I stepped back and saw fear in his expression. Was he frightened of me?

“There’s no need to stare! What’s wrong?” I said, forcing a smile.

The signal-man pointed to the red light and told me that he had thought, for a moment, he had seen me there before. When I assured him he was mistaken, the signal-man relaxed and began to talk about his job. Duty meant he had little chance of escaping the shadowy cutting’s damp air to climb up into the sunshine. There was little hard work for him to do. He just had to stay watchful and ready,

sometimes by night as well as by day, as trains used the cutting.

Soon the man led me into his signal-box, where a fire gave out welcome warmth. There was a desk inside, too, and the telegraph machine, with its little bell, by which messages were sent up and down the railway line. For a while, the signal-man spoke to me quietly about his past, particularly about misusing the many opportunities he had had when he was a young student. But he was interrupted several times by the little bell and had to read messages and send replies. Once he went to stand outside the signal-box door. Then he showed his flag to a passing train and called to the driver.

I was just thinking to myself how efficiently and safely the signal-man went about his duties when he twice stopped talking to me and turned towards the little bell when it did not ring. At those times, the colour drained from his face and he stepped outside to study the red light by the tunnel’s mouth. On both of these occasions, he returned to the signal-box with the same mysterious air.



"I am troubled, sir. I am troubled," he finally said in a low voice.

No sooner had the signal-man spoken than it was clear to me that he wished he had remained silent.

"By what?" I asked.

"It is very difficult to say," came the reply. "If ever you make another visit, I will try to tell you."

I was more than a little curious and eagerly agreed to return the following night. As I left, the signal-man shone a white light to help me find the path up out of the cutting again.

"When you are at the top, don't call out!" he warned in a way that made a chill run through me. "And don't call out when you come back down again tomorrow, either," he insisted. Then he continued even more mysteriously, saying, "What made you cry, 'Hello! Below there!' tonight? Those words. I know them well."

I explained it was simply that I had seen him below. But then the signal-man asked another strange question that kept me wondering uneasily.

"You did not feel the words came to you in any supernatural way?"

"No," I replied, and left him.

The next night, the signal-man was waiting for me at the bottom of the cutting, with his white light on. This time, I had been careful not to call out. Once again, we walked to his signal-box and sat down by the fire.

"As for yesterday evening, I took you for someone else who troubles me," the signal-man said, in a voice that was little more than a whisper.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across it while the right arm waves urgently, like this," the signal-man

demonstrated. "At the same time, the figure cries out, 'For pity's sake, clear the way!'"

"One moonlit night," the signal-man went on, "I was sitting here in the signal-box when I heard a voice cry, 'Hello! Below there!' I jumped up and, from the door, saw a figure standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I showed you. The voice was hoarse from shouting, 'Hello! Below there! Look out!'"

I sat listening keenly while the signal-man explained how he had quickly snatched up his lamp and turned on its red light. Then he had hurried towards the strange figure, asking what was wrong. All the while, the figure masked its eyes with a sleeve.

"I was so close, I tried to pull the sleeve away," the signal-man told me. "But the figure simply vanished! I ran on into the tunnel, my lamp held above my head. Yet the place was empty. All I could hear was the trickling water that dripped down the stained walls."

A sudden hatred of the place had then overcome the signal-man and he had hurried out of the tunnel again. He had examined the red tunnel light with his own red light, then sent messages along the line to check if anything was wrong. But the answer had come back, from both directions, that all was well.

While I listened, it was as if a frozen finger was moving right down my spine. I suggested that the figure's voice had been no more than a trick of the wind. But my companion had more to say.

"Six hours afterwards," the signal-man continued slowly, "there was a terrible accident on this very railway line. The unfortunate victims were carried out through the tunnel, over the exact spot where the figure had stood."

I tried hard to ignore the unpleasant shudder that his words sent through me and pointed out that amazing coincidences can

occur. But, for the second time, the signal-man had more to say.

"All this," he said, laying his hand lightly upon my arm and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "took place just a year ago. After six or seven months had passed, I had recovered from the terrible shock. Then, early one morning, I stood by the signal-box door and looked towards the red light again."

The signal-man stopped and turned grimly towards me. Finally, he continued to speak with great seriousness.

"Then," he said, "I saw the mysterious spectre once more."

## WORD POWER

cutting – a section of railway track that has been cut through high ground

sallow – dull yellow

forbidding – sinister; menacing

telegraph – a communications system that sends and receives messages using coded electrical signals





# PREHISTORIC PETS PUZZLE

## CROC - A - DIAL - A JOKE

This old croc thinks he's a bit of a comedian. But he can't help resorting to his wild ways. Can you get the joke before he crunches it up? The arrow marks the start of each ring. Start with the outer ring and work inwards.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

This pet giant sloth has had its name engraved on its collar. But its owner is heading back to the shop as she's not pleased with the result - she had a prettier name in mind. What do you think the sloth's name is?

## BONECRUSHER BOB'S VICIOUS PET EMPORIUM

## WHO'S A PRETTY BOY?

What is the Hesperonis saying?

See Serand By T  
See Serand By T  
Rippand Pulland Rippand Tayre.

TELLERBINK

## FISHY FACTS

The Ceratodus, a 1.5m-long fish with lungs, was considered extinct for millions of years until, in 1868, an Australian farmer named William Foster revealed he had been catching them in a river near his farm!

The Coelacanth is a species of fish that was thought to have become extinct 80 million years ago. In 1938, a 1.5m coelacanth was caught off the South African coast and since 1952 over 100 have been caught near the Congo Islands of Madagascar.

## TOUGH TO CRACK

Fill in the blank line on the Glyptodon's armour. Choose from either A, B or C.



## FANTASTIC FACTS

In the winter of 1856, French tunnellers split open a huge boulder of Jurassic limestone. From a cavity in the rock staggered a pterodactyl, which rattled its wings, gave a hoarse cry and died! Somehow it had survived for thousands of years in its rocky tomb. It was about the size of a large goose with a mouth full of sharp teeth.

The workmen carried the carcass to the nearby town of Gray where it was examined by a naturalist.

The find was then reported in the Illustrated London News of February 9, 1856.

## PETS FOR SALE

Only real pet lovers will bother to work out which pets are available for sale. One of the prehistoric animals listed is not on the grid. Which one?

SALMONTSMROWNOCANTNP  
IEOHIIPUSNIHCRUAESHTL  
WATERMONITORABLSNQBI  
ANATOSAURUSRIYBBPKRCA  
UTHSIFGNULAHTMXETOOMN  
XETINOMMATVCSWAHEMNOS  
HALCSDHNUMATXIRSPSAGC  
UBRGSRRTOTDIOTEFOTVARE  
LSOUATPOOFLAARSYSOONT  
IRKZAOASLESDDROIULCDOX  
FGIRSSSRSSWSGYRUOLROU  
TLUSAIOFPOTNTUMDQTESN  
REUARHETRIANANIHOSCJL  
FMEENRSMNTSSALAI COAQR  
PCPVOOAVHOOHEISRREOEZ  
LXERCMDUAGRLIEGAOUQS  
GLNPMGSOEBTBHJLECMALW  
XIUORCYTNRUJQXNOYRAB  
SFTGVCSUCODOLPIDIBOX  
JHRREGITDEHTOOTERBASG  
GNNKNPYTHONSUDOTARECH

ACORN WORMS  
AMMONITE  
ANATOSAURUS  
BARYONYX  
BEES  
BRONTOSAUR  
CERATODUS  
COMPOSOGNATHUS  
CORAL  
CORMORANT  
CROCODILE  
DIPLODOCUS  
EOHIIPUS  
ESPERORNIS  
FROGS  
GIANT SLOTH  
GULL  
GUANODON  
JELLYFISH  
LEECH  
LIZARD  
LUNGFISH  
MAMMOTH  
MASTODON  
PERISSODACTYL  
POSSUM  
PTERANODON  
PYTHON  
SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER  
SALMON  
SEA SQUIRT  
SEA URCHINS  
SHARKS  
SNAIL  
SPONGE  
STARFISH  
STEGOSAURUS  
THREADWORM  
TOADS  
TORTOISE  
TURTLE  
TUTARA  
WATER MONITOR

## ANSWERS

1 CROC - A. DIAL-A-JOKE: Joke should read - Why do mother kangaroos hate wet weather? Because the children have to play inside. (Each colour represents a word and the golden brown blanks mark the spaces between words. The old croc has the 'H' in 'THE' and the 'E' in 'HAVE' in his mouth.)  
2 WHO'S A PRETTY BOY? Seize her and Brie / Seize her and Brie / Rip and pull and rip and tear.  
3 WHAT'S IN A NAME? Thinkwell.  
4 PATTERN POSER: Line B. There is a logical sequence following on from the first line. The second, fourth - and sixth lines introduce a new colour circle to start the pattern. The third and fifth lines lose the last colour circle and gain a new colour square.

5 PETS FOR SALE: Pteranodon is not on the list (see grid).



# PSYCHIC ARTISTS

So, you haven't a creative bone in your body? Little chance, then, of you turning out a work of art, writing a prize-winning poem or even composing a concerto or two! Or, then again, maybe... Some people, known as psychic artists, claim to be able to do just that. They say they have a direct-line to long-dead artists who control the pen or paintbrush as they work.



**MUSIC MAESTRO PLEASE**  
Psychic composers work in much the same way as psychic painters. In the

1960s, London housewife

Rosemary Brown appeared to chat happily with the likes of Handel, Beethoven and Franz Liszt while she wrote down the music they dictated to her.

Rosemary claimed to have only a very basic musical knowledge. Several famous concert musicians checked her music and

admitted that they were complicated pieces, each one in the style of the composer with whom she claimed to be communicating.

Were these really new works by great composers? Or was Rosemary actually composing the pieces herself, using a musical talent she didn't even realise she had?

## ART ATTACK

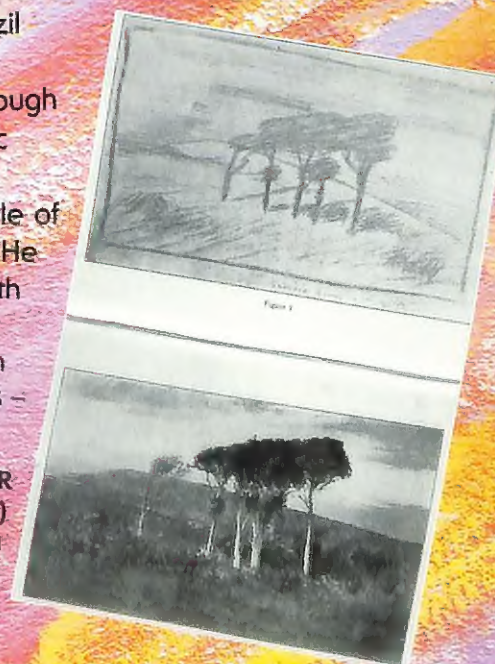
It's hard to spot the difference between psychic paintings and copies of famous paintings made by conventional artists. But psychic artists do seem to work differently.

Their paintings are produced at incredible speed. They don't make practice sketches, and appear not to make mistakes as they work.

Luiz Gasparetto from Brazil works in an even more extraordinary way. Even though he claims to have no artistic talent whatsoever, he has produced pictures in the style of at least 30 different artists. He works in the dark, using both hands at the same time. Sometimes he doesn't even bother with crayons or paints - he just uses his fingers!

## ▲ ARTIST AT WORK

Psychic artist, Luiz Gasparetto produces the work of past masters in a matter of minutes!

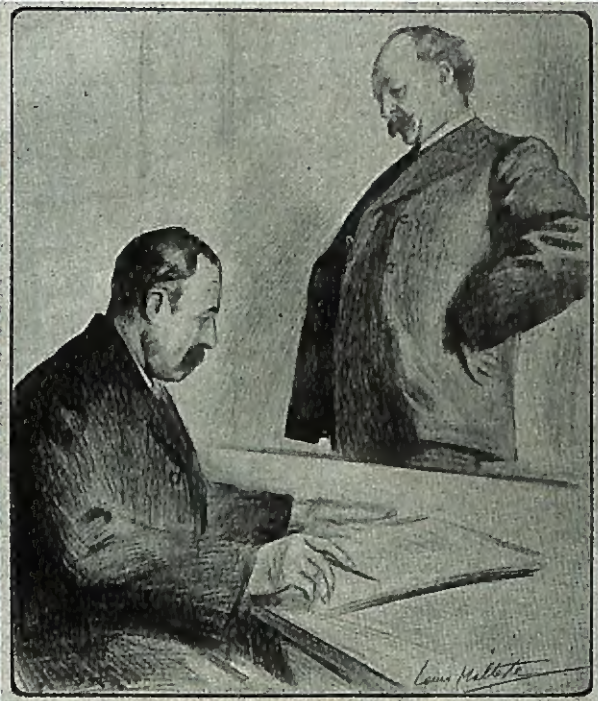


► **DEAD RINGER**  
The psychic sketch (top) and the original painting by the artist, the late R S Gifford (bottom).



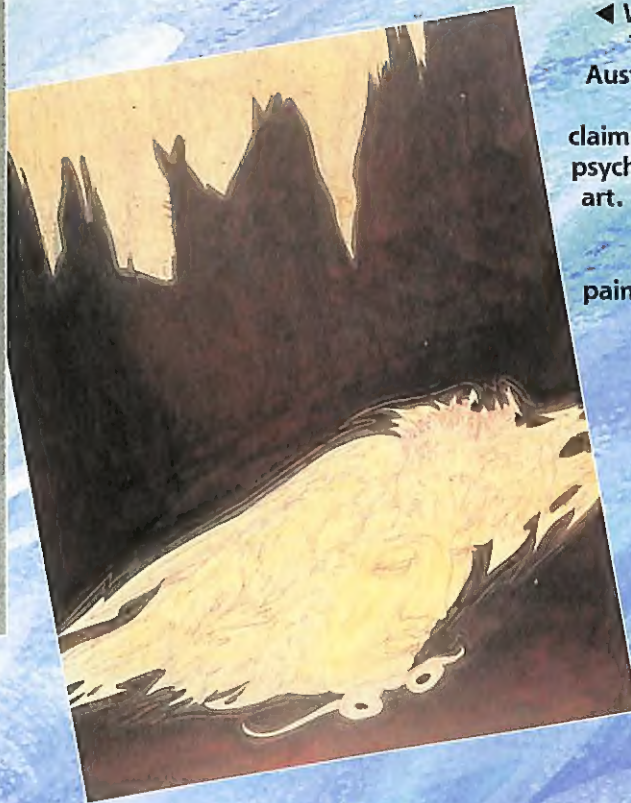
▲ **TAKE A DICTATION** MS BROWN  
Rosemary Brown at work on a piece of music inspired by Chopin.





#### ▲ DIRECT LINE

This 1908 illustration shows a writing medium receiving dictation from the spirit – looking on – of someone who has already died.



#### ◀ WEIRD WORDS

The spiritualist Austin Spare, who died in 1956, claimed to combine psychic writing and art. Turning words into symbols he produced paintings like this.

Oscar Wilde is not dead  
his thought live on in the hearts  
all those who in a group  
can hear the flute voice  
calling on the hills or

#### ▲ GETTING THE LAST WORD!

Twenty three years after the author Oscar Wilde died, a medium claimed this script was dictated to him by the spirit of the dead author.

#### WRITE ON

Psychic writing was first demonstrated by spiritualists at the beginning of the 1900s. They would often sit for hours with pen poised, then suddenly begin to scribble down messages sent by famous dead writers. Curiously enough, there was never anything very exciting to read, and sometimes it was complete rubbish!

However, in 1913, an American spiritualist called Mrs Pearl Curran claimed to have been contacted by a young girl called Patience Worth. Over the next 25 years, Patience dictated many novels and poems to Mrs Curran many of which were published and became popular. Mrs Curran claimed that Patience had been killed by American Indians shortly after her parents emigrated from England to America, but there was never any evidence that she really existed. Perhaps Mrs Curran simply needed an excuse to write the books herself?

#### IS ANYBODY THERE?

Psychic artists claim that they are not particularly interested in art. In fact, they are usually more interested in the supernatural. They say that they are similar to spiritualists, who also claim to be in communication with the spirits of people who have died. But whereas spiritualists simply pass on the messages they hear, psychic artists act on the messages they receive!

#### PSYCHIC OR SILLY?

What is the truth about psychic art? Are people really in touch with the dead, or is it more likely that they are simply expressing their own creativity in a rather bizarre way?